

# LITERATURE

## "THY WILL BE DONE."

'Tis not so hard when all is bright,  
When we are sure that all is right,  
When we can see the end in sight,  
To say, "O Lord, Thy will be done!"

'Tis not so hard when joys abound,  
When loved ones gather all around,  
When notes of praise and triumph sound,  
To say, "O Lord, Thy will be done!"

But when the sunshine disappears,  
When tossed and torn with doubts and fears,  
When smiles are changed for bitter tears,  
'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

When sorrow's mystic waves enfold  
Our trembling hearts in iron hold,  
And all the world looks blank and cold,  
'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

When treasures dearest to our heart,  
O God! when they from us must part,  
When one long, envious pain must start,  
'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

And yet, and yet, did Christ not die?  
And even He in anguish cry  
That prayer of prayer's submissively:  
"Father, not Mine—Thy will be done!"

Even so must I, His trembling child,  
Call out amid the tempests wild,  
Tempted and torn, yet undecied,  
"Father, I yield—Thy will be done!"

What was possible to Thee  
Is not impossible to me;  
Thus, in my anguish, hear my plea:  
"Thy will is best—Thy will be done!"  
By Commissioner Mrs. Booth Hellberg.

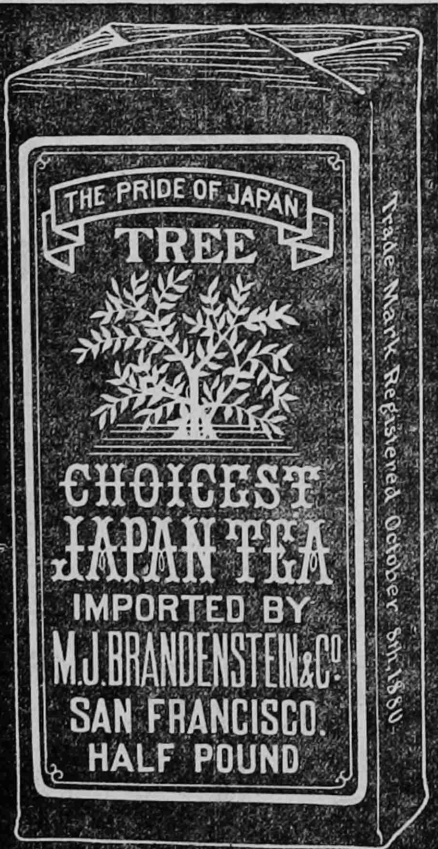
## MOTHER NIGHT.

Eternities before the first-born day  
Or ere the first sun fled his wings of flame,  
Calm Night, the everlasting and the same,  
A brooding mother over chaos lay,  
And whirling suns shall blaze and then decay,  
Shall run their fiery courses and then claim  
The haven of the darkness whence they came:  
Back to Nirvanic peace shall creep their way,  
So when my feeble sun of life burns out,  
And sounded is the hour for my long sleep,  
I shall, full weary of the feverish light,  
Welcome the darkness without fear or doubt,  
And, heavy-lidded, I shall softly creep  
Into the quiet bosom of the Night.  
James W. Johnson in the Midwinter Century.

## NOTES

The Goncourt Prize novel of the year 1909, "En France," by Marius and Ary Leblond, describes in minute detail the gradual discovery of France by the student from the colonies. "It is," says the author, "the vision of a young man who, being without a family in Paris, can know at the outset only a certain social set decidedly easy of approach. It is the collision with the metropolis of a Frenchman reared according to the principles of the ancient society which is conserved almost intact in the most remote province of the Fatherland; it is his violent surprise at the difference of the new conceptions of the family and of education, in the presence of free manners, and of emancipated young girls."

The Goncourt Academy seems to have crowned "En France" because the turn of the Leblond brothers was overdue; because it could not in decency put them off any longer; and because, in its purpose, probably, was not to signalize this particular novel (an almost painfully ponderous production, distinctly inferior to several of the same authors' previous books), but to recompense Marius and Ary Leblond for the sum total of their literary achievements.



## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE LATE FANNIE LITTLE CRISMON.

This picture shows the beautiful face of one of the belles of Salt Lake a quarter of a century ago. It is that of the late Fannie Little Crismon, daughter of Hon. Feramorz Little, and wife of W. S. Crismon, formerly of Salt Lake. Mrs. Crismon was a sister of the late James T. Little and of Mrs. A. Roundy, Mrs. Clara Clawson, and Mrs. John Rensimer.

dozen novels, two of which portray the life of Algeria and three, "Le Zézore," "La Sarabande" and "Les Sortilèges," the life of their native island. In these last named, which they naturally wrote soon after, and by which they are best known, they described "in a delicious and impatient fashion" to cite an appreciation of Rosny, "with phrases that have the brilliancy of tropical insects, the oppressive voluptuousness of the warm nights, the perfume of the wind, of the earth, of the sea, of the fruits, of the spices, the swarming of the Negroes and the Mulattoes, the light revelry and the tender optimism of the Creoles."

Three of the seven Goncourt prizes thus far awarded have gone to interpretations of colonial life or character—"Force Ennemie" by John-Anatole Nau in 1903, "Les Civilisés" by Claude Farrère in 1905 and "En France" by Marius-Ary Leblond in 1909; and the principal competitor of Marius-Ary Leblond in the recent contest was Charles Pettit, another interpreter of colonial life and character, who wrote "Petite de Rose et Quelques Bonnes" on the occasion of its appearance last summer. This is a well-nigh formidable volume, but an indication of the importance of the role played by the colonies in French literature.

Eden Phillips, the English novelist, has recently expressed his disquietude because so many English men of letters—nature's "pets" "her spoiled children," "the aristocrats of intellect," as he classes them—are Socialists in their tendencies. "Do they want their heads cut off to make footstools for the fools?" he asks. But it is not in Great Britain alone that the Socialists show their tendencies. Tolstoy and Gorky in Russia, Blasco Ibanez the Spaniard, Anatole France and our own William Dean Howells are among the writers who have placed their heads as "footstools for the fool." And now an astonishing Dutch genius appears on the literary horizon whose masterpieces will be out this year. His name is Israel Querido, and "Menchenwee" (Human Fate), translated under the title "Toll of Men," is the first of his novels to be done in English.

Querido was born in Amsterdam in 1873, but he is a Dutchman by birth only, being descended from a Portuguese family of noble lineage. He lived his early days in poverty, and worked as a boy in a diamond factory.

In connection with the distinguished list of authors of the new symposium on "The Future of the Novel," it is an interesting fact that, with at least one notable exception in Mr. Henry James, most of them are over 70 years of age. The oldest is the Hon. John Evelyn, who recently celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Next to him are Julia Ward Howe, who has almost reached 91, and, to quote her own words, is "heading straight for the century mark," and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, now about 87. Mr. William Dean Howells is 71, and Mr. Henry M. Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine, is approaching 72. Miss Elizabeth Ford, who planned the book in her capacity as editor of Harper's Bazar, in which the chapters severally appeared, says that she did not demand that her chosen authors should be over 70 years of age, but instinctively reached out first toward the men and women whose age as well as intellect made for profound and vital thought.

After Shelley had been expelled from Oxford because of what his father calls his "criminal opinions and improper acts," he went immediately to London in company with his friend Hogg. They put up over night at a cheap house, and the next day sought lodgings in the neighborhood. But Shelley was difficult to please. To one place he objected because a man in the street called "mackerel," and "mussels," at another he did not fancy the maid's nose, and at a third he was disturbed by the mistress's voice. Finally he was satisfied with rooms in a Poland street because the name reminded him of Warsaw and Freedom, and because the wallpaper, decorated with trellises from which hung green and purple grapes, pleased his eye. "We stay here, stay forever," he exclaimed. All this with the impending doom of paternal displeasure hanging over his head.

When father and son first met after this crucial episode in Shelley's life, it was at a dinner in a London hotel with Hogg as company. After the repast, when Shelley had left his room on an errand, the father sought the advice of his son's friend, whom he attempted to flatter by saying: "You are a very different person, sir, from what I expected to find; you are a rich, moderate, reasonable, pleasant gentleman." Hogg suggested marriage as a remedy for the boy's independence, and then, over the port, Timothy Shelley began to talk loudly. He said that he was highly respected in the house of commons, greatly beloved in Sussex, and an excellent magistrate, "confiding that there was certainly a God, he told Hogg that he could prove it. Drawing out a sheet of paper and beginning to read, the argument was identified by Hogg and by Shelley, who had returned to the room as Paley's. Timothy Shelley acknowledged the fact. "I copied them out of Paley's this morning myself," he said, "but Paley had them

Oxford Lectures on Poetry," Vernon Lee's "Renaissance Fancies and Studies," Symonds' "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry," Brownell's "American Masters," Phillips' "The Haven," Hichens' "Bella Donna," Mrs. Henry Cust's "Gentlemen Errant."

No one can fail to admire the handsome allegorical cover (in two colors) which combines fineness of thought with artistic beauty, that signals the American Boy for February. It is one of those exceptional covers which excite countrywide comment. And the matter inside the cover is fully equal to the high standard set by this boys' magazine. Boys will flock at Ramsbury, the interesting story of English Treasure comes to an end satisfyingly. The short stories are particularly excellent. Possessing Hunters Who Turned Samaritans, is a fine tale of southern life, but it is rivaled by "When Opportunity Knocked," whose title speaks for itself, as well as by "The Riddle," the story of a boy wrongly accused of a base action. Fully as good as these are "When the Ice Ran Out," a story of the Mississippi river, "The Jonah," which deals with the Atlantic fisheries, and "The Boy Who Put Quinn On the Map." Also there is a story which will interest photographers, called "Flash Light in the Scrub," and a thrilling story of "Indian Life, Wasat and Talante." One of the features of this number is an article on ice-boating, together with fine pictures of that kind of winter sports. There is also a little story of George Washington which appears in print for the first time, and an anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. The usual departments of "The Boy Mechanic and Electrician," "The Boy Photographer," "Stamps, Coins and Curios," "For Boys to Make," "Tangles," and the "Fun Column" are full of particularly interesting and timely articles for the boys who do things. In addition there are 75 illustrations.

In a magazine of over 200 pages, like the Popular, which is now published every two weeks, a man must have very remarkable tastes if he doesn't find something that will compel his interest. The stories have the widest kind of appeal, and range from tales of the Quebec bush to the old-time feuds of the sunny south, from the gay, happy-go-lucky life of Port Arthur, to world politics played at Port Arthur, to a bit of picturesque life in New York's East Side to the men of elemental passions in the remote fastnesses of northern Canada. That is the impression one gets from a glance at the February month-end Popular, which is now on the stands. There are two capital cowboy yarns, one of them seemingly funny, there is a complete novel called "The Last of the North Trail," telling how fate upset the plans of a straight-shooting lumber man seeking recreation in New York, and saving him from a trail full of perils to the shape of a bear and an Indian; there is a railroad story, a college story, a story of the Philippines, a football story, a vivid southern story, a hunting story, a story of New York life that will appeal to all flat-dwellers, a story about a war correspondent in Manila, an automobile story, a mining

serial, and a story about the apostle of a curious sect. That looks a pretty inviting bill of fare, and everything is of A1 quality.

## THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business with less wear and tear than almost any other quality, says Orison Sweet Marston in Success Magazine. Optimism is the greatest business-getter, biggest trader, the greatest achiever in the world. Pessimism has never done anything but tear down and destroy what optimism has built up.

In the business office, as in society, everywhere, the favorite is always the cheerful person. Good-natured, cheerful people do not waste their time, energy as rapidly as the grumbler or the too sober, too sad people. They work with much less friction.

Good cheer is a great lubricant. It oils all of life's machinery. Shakespeare says:

"A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

There is no other life habit which can give such a prolific return in happiness and satisfaction as that of being cheerful under all circumstances. If the resolution to cultivate cheerfulness is strongly made at the very outset, it will not be difficult to form the cheerful habit, and it will be the best protection against suffering and disappointment.

## NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 37 volumes will be added to the public library Feb. 21, 1910.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
Arcatender—Apostle of Alaska (William Duncan).  
Blackley—Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold.  
Carr—Stephen A. Douglas.  
Carson—Mexico.  
Garrett—Home Life in Turkey.  
Hunter—History of India, nine vol.  
King, Rufus—Life and Correspondence, six vol.  
Kilby—Hero of Aesthonia, two vol.  
Mahaffy—What the Greeks Have Done for Modern Civilization.  
Whately—Inner Light.  
Winter—Guatemala and Her People of Today.

FICTION.  
Kelly—Golden Season.  
Roberts—Backwoodsman.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.  
Baum—Road to Oz.  
Games Book for Boys and Girls.  
Hamp—Dale and Fraser—Sheepmen.  
Holbrook—Northland Heroes.  
McMaster—Primary History of the United States.  
Riley—Orphan Annie Book (reference).  
Roberts—Red Fox.  
Smith—Boy Captive in Canada.  
Wallace—Ungava.  
Yale—When Mother Lets Us Give a Party.

## Women Writers Coming to Their Own in Italy

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)  
LORENCE, Feb. 8.—Like all else in Italy, the literary world is changing visibly, the announcements for 1910 having about them a progressively modern sound. Donna Paola, for instance, the well-known woman writer, announces through Barone of Verona, a romance of the aeroplane, entitled "Sempresu." At the same time it is a question whether a reporter in any other land sent to interview a great writer would retreat and announce through his paper that it was much more his duty to leave the busy author undisturbed. Such, however, is the latest story told by the publisher of the Italian "Terza" sent to interview him in his retreat at Marina di Pisa, was told that the poet, turned novelist, was writing night and day to finish the novel announced for 1910, and for literature's sake he left him undisturbed and took the train back to Florence. The novel is "Forse che no," and will be out this month. Treves, also, announces a d'Annunzio anthology.

D'Annunzio has agreed to write a preface for a monumental edition of Dante to be published in Florence. The critical moments are to be by Conte Passerini. The volumes are to be superbly illustrated. The conclusion is that d'Annunzio, by this announcement, is that he proposes to continue his scheme of writing five of illustrious men, begun two years ago with that of Cola di Rienzi.

## WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

A significant feature of the Italian literary world is the increasing part played by the woman element. The Tribuna of Rome has taken on its staff a woman novelist, as Rossana, Mathilde Eero, who has just translated "Alberto, Prince of Monaco," the Career of a Navigator, has her own newspaper in Naples, "L'Illustrazione Italiana," the Italian "Harper's Weekly," or "Colliers," announces its new serial to be by Grazia Deledda, "Il Nuovo Padrone" by name; the "Secolo XIX" is publishing stories by the woman poet and writer, Teresa; the "Donna" has its staff of women writers who have set the example in Italy of a special edition at Christmas: Lady Jane, the novelist, from Calabria, and Dora Melegari has taken her position as a recognized writer on psychology and has started a new school of novels for the home with "Piccola Madamigella Cristina." Contessa Fanny Zampini Salazar, has introduced the Brownings to an Italian public and by her novels and magazine articles taken a position in the world of letters.

Then, too, though as yet unknown to fame, Signorina Celia Allegri, herself totally blind and but 20 years old, has just published "The Life of Helen Keller," announced among the new books for 1910.

Rossana, whose real name is the Marchesa Tartarini, is before the public this year as a dramatist, a regular journalist, the first woman inspector of prisons in Italy, and a lecturer. Once seen, she is never forgotten, and the saying is often heard, as well as all hearts, open wide at the sound of her wonderful voice. For over an hour at a time she is holding her audience in the grip of a spell, as she lectures on the child prisoners of Italy.

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now, when Treves Brothers of Milan announce a book by "Zia Maria" and give her name as Paola Lombroso, in "La Vita e buona" Signorina Lombroso has written a book for girls, but one which the critics declare fascinating and beautiful and as well suited to the mature as to the young. Its philosophy is the encouragement of living for the three best things of life, work, love and goodness.

## AMERICAN MANNERS.

A writer just now provoking much discussion is Signor Vico Mantegazza. His book "Agli Stati Uniti—Il Perito Americano" is not having an uneventful career. The book, which the author states, is a collection of newspaper articles written from notes made on steamer and train recording the impressions of each day, has been followed by a series of articles in an Italian newspaper. In these articles he has made such statements about American women as the one which declares high-class young women of Washington roll up their gowns as a form of amusement. His reflections on American manners as they strike a European are also in the same vein. The "American People," however, as held up to Europeans as a warning, gives the very badly bound volume weight with reviewers. This peril, of course, is the possible, in his mind the certain, absorption of the new world by the United States. The American dollar meets with his literary contempt, and he has many scathing things to say of the immigration system. Signor Mantegazza was at one time editor of the *Nazione* of Florence, and his articles on America are now appearing in that journal. He has also served as war correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, and has been sent by various Italian papers into other lands, America being one.

## SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

For the comfort of Americans it can be remembered how different are the conclusions of the present Italian ambassador to Washington, a writer who has lived for years in the United States and writes with the authority of actual knowledge of the country, and also of Italian colonies in the important American cities. Unfortunately, the ambassador's articles were read only by the cultured, and the Italian at large, reading the *Nazione*, continues to have visions of the American conquering the earth, the Italian conquering America, and the high class young ladies of Washington rolling in never ending processions down grassy slopes. Treves of Milan, the publisher of this book, has bound it so badly that it falls to pieces in the indignant American reader's hands, and for he charges the dollar so despicably of the author.

"La Lettera" the Milan magazine, published by the *Corriere della Sera* company, has secured the Italian rights for the translation of the book, and the African hunting adventures. Profusely illustrated they are now appearing in the current numbers.

The Marchese Gian Luigi Bianchi, through Vannucci of Pisa, publishes a volume entitled "Art and Nature, Beauty and Truth." This philosophical work is to be followed by another entitled "L'Essere," which is further set forth the principles of the school of thought of the author. Marchese Bianchi, whose ancestral home is at Castel di Sesto, was a pupil of August Comte.

## EVA MADDEN.

A SAFE GUARD TO CHILDREN.  
"Our two children of six and eight years have been since infancy subject to colds and croup. About three years ago I started to use Foley's Honey and Tar, and it has never failed to prevent colds and croup. I have used the only medicine I can get the children to take without a row." The above from W. C. Ornstien, Green Bay, Wis., duplicates the experience of thousands of other users of Foley's Honey and Tar. Schramm-Johnson Drug Co.

## AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

Salt Lake City.  
February 19th to 27th. Reduced rates via Oregon Short Line from Utah and Idaho points. See agents for particulars.

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